



# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 14. No. 5. 1st July, 1941.





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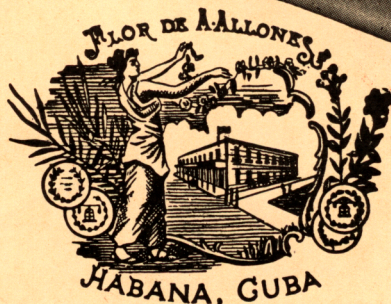


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# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney*

Vol. 14. No. 5



1st July, 1941

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W. W. HILL

•  
*Treasurer:*  
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•  
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•  
*Secretary:*  
T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 13th September, 1941.  
Principal Event: The Chelmsford Stakes.



# The Club Man's Diary

**JULY BIRTHDAYS:** 6th, Mr. J. B. Moran; 8th, Mr. Conrad Horley; 14th, Mr. R. H. Williamson; 17th, Mr. L. Mitchell; 19th, Mr. A. H. Stocks; 21st, Mr. G. F. Wilson; 28th, Mr. L. Maidment.

\* \* \*

Published in this issue: programme for race meeting of Tattersall's Club at Randwick on September 13, known as Chelmsford Stakes day. Net proceeds will be distributed among patriotic funds, hospitals, and charitable institutions.

The Committee of Tattersall's Club has offered to the Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund the net proceeds of Carrington Stakes day at Randwick, on December 12. Net proceeds of that day last year, amounting to £5216/11/2, were paid to the Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund.

Through its race meetings, its active part in public appeals, and the response of its membership in other directions, Tattersall's Club is expressing its patriotism in deeds. We shall not fail.

\* \* \*

From Capt. C. H. Locke, A.I.F. abroad: "Thanks to the Committee for the kindly thought of sending along a parcel. I have Corporal Ralph Hill with me here. He is doing a great job. Ralph is a brother of the Chairman. He is regarded as the Rock of Gibraltar in the unit and has a steady influence on the younger lads."

Captain Locke adds: "Hermann flies over us regularly. What with his noise, our A.A. and the field artillery, all kicking up a din, this place gets rowdy. Still, the weather mainly is good and we manage a few swims in the sparkling Mediterranean."

Lieut.-Col. (Dr.) John C. Belisario, A.I.F. abroad, writes acknowledging receipt of a parcel: "I know members of Tattersall's Club would feel well repaid if I could express adequately the great enjoyment those comforts gave me."

Captain (Dr) A. F. Janes, A.I.F. abroad, writes to say that he is A1, and wishes to be remembered all round.

A letter from Sgt. C. D. Eaton, A.I.F. abroad, conveying greetings to members and acknowledging receipt of a parcel of comforts from the club. He wrote: "I received the parcel on my return from Greece, where we had a very hectic time. The contents were well chosen and I can assure you, greatly appreciated."

\* \* \*

The Committee of Tattersall's Club on June 27 tendered Mr. H. C. Bartley a complimentary luncheon as a mark of goodwill, and also in recognition of his service to the club as a member of the Committee from May 1933, to May 1941.

The Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) presided at the luncheon, and on behalf of members of the Committee presented the guest of honor with a pair of lounge chairs.

Acknowledging the gift, Mr. Bartley referred to his happy relations with members of the Committee, and said that he regarded the function as their personal tribute.

\* \* \*

Members, I find, have favorite spots in the club room to read, to converse, to rest. Favored of Mr. Bill Buckle and brother Frank is the top left corner. Bill is back after a serious illness, glad to get a draught of the old atmosphere, and to acknowledge that the greetings of true friends put a glow around a fellow's heart.

In the Glebe and the Pymont districts the Buckle family has been known for nearly 100 years. Who hasn't heard of Buckle's wharf at Pymont? Or of the shipping firm of Buckle's?

Bill himself was in every department. He recalls how the late J. M. C. Forsyth once twitted him over the domino table with knowing nothing about ships. Mr. Buckle settled the argument when he recalled to the other a day in their early careers. It was Bill Buckle aboard his tug in the Harbor who took a hawser thrown by J. M. C. Forsyth from his schooner.

In years before Church of England Grammar School moved from Church Hill to North Shore, Mr. Buckle was the School's champion

runner and captain of its cricket and football teams. In manhood he played with a XV of which the famous "Tara" Baird was a member.

Brother Frank was a cricketer of account. He played with "Osbornes" when that XI won the premiership. He remains an ardent follower of the game. A brother, the late Alex ("Sandy") Buckle, sometime Mayor of Mosman, was captain of Glebe and, later, of Mosman. Frank's son, Frank Jr., was captain of Northern Suburbs, after returning from the war (1914-18). The late Mr. Tom Buckle, brother of Frank and Bill, and president of Forster Shire, shared the family's love of sport.

Mr. Frank Buckle has two sons well known in the business world—Bill and Jack. The nephews of Frank and Bill are also well known: A. C. (Lex) Buckle, George Renwick, Eddie Hardcastle, Tony McGill, Frank B. Paul and Frank Talbot.

Lex Buckle, served four years in the previous war, and, so as to give to war service here as much of his leisure as possible, has put his racing yacht "Josephine" on the slips for the duration. His grandfather, the late Mr. Frank Buckle, won a sailing race at the Anniversary Regatta 75 years ago in his ballast boat, "Colleen Bawn." There were no steam boats in Sydney Harbor in those days. Ballast boats ranged from 10 to 20 tonners.

\* \* \*

When you recall a good sportsman usually the name of a good horse crops up, too, through some direct or oblique association. Mention of the late Mr. Sammy Vandenburg revived memories of the horses he had raced; in particular, Miss Noni, champion among the 14.2's of the past, and whose descendants still are showing up among turf successes. Miss Noni's dam was Alamene, which won an Epsom for Humphrey Oxenham.

Mr. Leon Vandenburg was the brother of the late Sammy, and Mr. Ernie Vandenburg was his son.

When Leon Vandenburg was at Newington College he won the 220 yards running championship.



Among school mates were: Mr. Claude Murchison, Mr. N. Hinwood and the late Judge Edwards. Leon has travelled 15 times to England by various routes and worked there for three years on his latest visit.

Young Jack Vandenburg, son of Ernie, is in championship class as a swimmer among those of his age. Good judges predict a big future for the boy.

\* \* \*

This July issue reminds me that July 1, is Dominion Day in Canada, in honor of which in the past Sir William Watson dedicated a verse which is quoted as being appropriate to all Dominions of the British Commonwealth of Nations:

*Remote compatriots, wheresoe'er ye dwell,  
By your prompt voices, ringing clear and true,  
We know that with our England all is well,  
By you we know her safe, and know by you  
Her veins are million, but her heart is one.*

\* \* \*

Sergeant Brian Maher, a personal friend of the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, and a member here, sent Mr. Manning from Canada the picture of Whirlaway reproduced in this issue, and about which horse there is a story elsewhere. Whirlaway was only "one of the fancies" for the Kentucky Derby (U.S.A.) when Brian Maher posted the picture; but what a good judge the airman was may be learned from the story.

Sergeant Maher is—or was at time of his writing in Canada with the R.A.A.F., and his letter is a model of cheerfulness with the thumbs up sign as to the future.

\* \* \*

Through frequent visits to the Bridge table, Mr. George Chiene has worked up a fine poetic frenzy, as witness his latest composition:

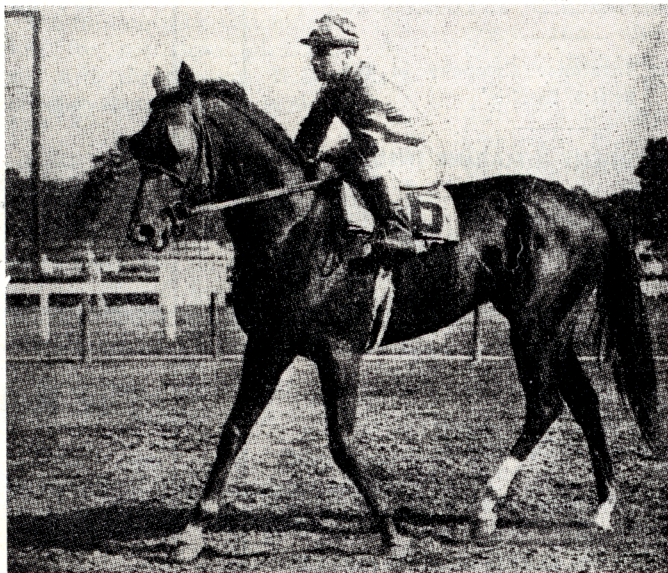
*A Bridge player thirsting for gore,  
Laid his partner dead on the floor;  
De mortuis nil nisi bonum, but still  
That man had revoked once before!*

\* \* \*

America's glamor horse of the season is Whirlaway, fifth in the history of the U.S.A. turf to win

the triple—Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont. The others were: Sir Barton, 1919; Gallant Fox, 1930; Omaha, 1935; War Admiral, 1937—all of which figured in the headlines in Australian newspapers.

Trainer Ben Jones' alertness is credited with having contributed greatly to Whirlaway's Derby victory. Shortly before starting time he removed the blinker from the colt's left eye—the one nearer the rails—and that corrected Whirlaway's tendency to run wide at the turn, a tendency which had cost him several races. In his previous 13 starts he had worn blinkers on both eyes. In the Derby, with only one, he stayed close to the rail.



Whirlaway

Eighty-one-year-old E. R. Bradley, who has owned more Kentucky Derby winners—four—than any one else, and is a famous breeder of thoroughbreds, said that to be a truly great horse a thoroughbred must be able to cover the last quarter mile of a mile and a quarter race—like the Derby—in 26 seconds. Whirlaway did it in 24, and finished eight lengths ahead of the second horse.

\* \* \*

Dominoes is a game of grit, someone in the club once told me. To be sure, I have seen players exhausted after the third move—their partners' move, I mean. What I have come to believe, as an on-

looker, is that one must have the disposition, as well as the skill, properly to play. I like watching Mr. Harry Brett. He knows how, and he goes to it with relish.

\* \* \*

We hear of a horse come suddenly into prominence being compared with another of extraordinarily high ranking in the past—such as, "another Phar Lap," "another Poirrel," "another Heroic," "another Windbag," "another Jack Rice," and so on. My innocent idea is that really great horses are not foaled so frequently as that. To be remembered also is that a horse may be greater than those against which it competes, yet not necessarily in itself a great horse.

I had that out recently in club with a veteran. He said: "When you come to talk class and to make comparisons, it's not what a horse won, but what did he beat?"

\* \* \*

It was Mr. Bill Crothers who chose Trueness for his niece, Mrs. Molly Mackay. Mr. Crothers owns Culgoa, among others,

and is considered by those who should know to have an excellent eye for a thoroughbred.

\* \* \*

M. A. Noble used to tell of an occasion when a N.S.W. XI was travelling by train to meet South Australia. In the corridor, one morning, Jack Marsh (aboriginal bowler) encountered Reg Duff in pyjamas. Eyeing the white man jealously, scenting a distinction of race, Marsh pointed to the pyjamas and cried: "Where you get those? They don't put 'em under my pillow!"

Someone eager to pay tribute to Mr. Syd. Baker as a golfer said expansively: "No fooling, I would describe Syd. as the Bradman of golf." (Continued on Page 5.)



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## The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

It happened in Sydney a long time ago—and Mr. Alf Genge, who attained his 81st year on June 29, told me the personal story. Fifty-two years ago this July, when Tattersall's Club was situated on the site where now stands the Palace theatre, John McLaughlan, well-known solicitor of the time, and Joe Milthorpe, keeper of the Opera House hotel (corner of York and King Streets)—both prominent sportsmen—nominated and seconded the application for membership of their pal, a younger sportsman. He was Alf Genge.

Fellow members of the time included Mr. Jack Hardie and Mr. George Kiss, still with us. Other names—such as the Thompsons and the Deereys—Mr. Genge ran off as if they were figures in the present setting. Not only them, but horses and incidents that gave the past life.

Alf Genge is happy with his memories; but they do not keep him old. No, sir. He is still young at 81—although he has not the same relish for being bumped about in the milling crowds at Randwick. He tells you why: "Because I have remained one of the boys. When some of the veterans were loath to leave the old club in Pitt Street, their home for so many years, and put it to me about the proposed new premises I replied, "I'm going with the boys—and here I am."

He says: "Old age is only a handicap when one grows old in spirit. The secret of youth is to keep on keeping on doing the things in business that have occupied your life."

Mr. Genge pointed to the furniture in the club room and recalled: "It was bought by John Daly in Melbourne when we moved from the club premises where the Palace theatre now stands to the site in Pitt Street. John was then A.J.C. handicapper and a member of the committee of Tattersall's Club. He bought well. Look at the wonderful condition of the furniture to-day—all Tasmanian blackwood—even allowing for its refurbishing at various times."

Asked for his opinion as to the three greatest horses in his experience, Mr. Genge (emphasising that he did not wish to start arguments) named them in this order: Phar Lap, Carbine, Peter Pan.

Among the many great finishes he recalled was one in the early days in Melbourne when three champions in Abercorn, Carbine and Melos finished so closely that only the judge could separate them. Another close finish was that of the memorable Craven Plate of October 9, 1918, when Cetigne won from Walaroi, Estland and Desert Gold.

On this note he concluded: "The club for me links pleasantly the past with the present. It is a place of happy days and happy memories."

\* \* \*

This is the story as it was told in club to me of a bookmaker fielding at Nar-nar-goon (Victoria): Against each of the five runners in the third race he placed five crosses in due course, then closed his book and commenced to walk off.

"Say, boss, aren't you going to field," his surprised clerk asked.

"Not me," the bookmaker answered, "I've nothing to lay. Everyone is a good thing."

\* \* \*

Any amateur, or professional, rose grower would have been attracted by the yellow rose worn in club one recent day by Mr. John Roles, who told me it had been the gift of Mr. Alf Genge. I thought the superb specimen a Claudius Pernet, which I had tried unavailingly to grow in sand. Mr. Genge told me that the rose was titled Madam Peeress du Pont, and, by its colour and structure, evidently of the Pernet family. He said that clay was essential to the culture of the Pernet—speaking as a rose grower at Strathfield for the past 40 years.

Old Omar had something to say about a rose; but he was fussy to a fault and, as a Persian, probably knew more about the bridal chamber than the bridal bouquet.

When Jymjon ran an Australasian record to win the Winter Plate I conjured up a scene at Randwick, 20 years previously, when another grey drew away from the field in the straight but faltered as a brown mare, no bigger than a pony, flashed into the lead and left the grey swishing its tail as if flying signals of distress. The race was for the Doncaster and Sydney Damsel had sensationally downed the imported Chrysolaus, which William Booth had proclaimed the fastest horse he ever trained.

Chrysolaus was the sire of Crystal, which was the dam of Roxburgh, the sire of Jymjon—a succession of greys.

Chrysolaus was owned by Miss Una Clift, and Crystal ran in the green and white livery of Mr. Walter Brunton, as did Roxburgh, which was by Pantheon. Crystal's dam, the imported Tullia, won the Oakleigh Plate for Mr. Walter Brunton in 1916. Crystal was twice placed in the Newmarket. So, on the breeding-performance side (remembering also the record of Chrysolaus), Jymjon has got what it takes.

Mr. Bert Bellingham, who trains Jymjon, links up with the foregoing by reason of having been for nearly 30 years manager of Mr. Walter Brunton's stud property, Lyndisfarne, at Muswellbrook. Bert is a comparative newcomer to the ranks of No. 1 trainers, and he has achieved outstanding success with a small team. Another of his charges is the champion 14.2 pony, Lady Limarch. He has in hand a yearling (by Waikere) which he has sentimentally named Lyndisfarne.

Behind the reserve of Bert Bellingham is a wealth of experience with thoroughbreds. He seldom bets and then only lightly. With close friends he sees a little humour in the fact that when he was tempted to take (for him) a big wager, believing his nominee unbeatable, it proved "a racecourse certainty" (need more be said?).

\* \* \*

A story is going the rounds of a coroner from another State having been brought to the club by a member and invited to play a game of dominoes. He agreed readily and,

(Continued on Page 7.)



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## Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 5.)

having been drawn with Lionel against Joe and Chilla, asked: "Do you play any special rules, gentlemen?"

"Mr. Coroner, no post-mortems," Joe explained on behalf of the local lads.

\* \* \*

Once upon a time Mr. Bill Dalley got his excitements from owning St. Carwyne — winner of a Metropolitan — and other form racehorses and trotters. Nowadays, he is content, more or less, with the solace of a game of Bridge with Victor Burleigh, Jack Sears, Lionel Bloom, Jim Normoyle and Renzie Rich, among those sometimes addressed as "players and others."

Mr. Dalley's son, Charlie — formerly an engineer on the Wanganella — has been for some time in similar capacity aboard vessels running the U-boat blockade between England - America and England-Africa. Mr Dalley's son, Frank, was in the fighting in Greece and in Crete. When father heard last from him, Frank was in Egypt happy to receive in the one mail 9 parcels and 40 odd letters. The husband of Mrs. Linda Deane (Mr. Dalley's daughter) is with the R.A.A.F. in Canada.

What we owe to those gallant fellows cannot be put down in mere words.

We know Mr. Len Green, sometime of Adelaide and Broken Hill as a sportsman with preferences probably for coursing at Rooty Hill and fishing wherever at the moment they happen to be nibbling. We know him also as a raconteur. Add to his accomplishments that of cooking, with jugged hare his specialty. They say that when Mr. Green provides the fare "Lucullus dines with Lucullus."

\* \* \*

A cheerio message to Mr. F. F. Copland, at this time a patient in St. Vincent's hospital. Enquiry just before going to press elicited that he was making satisfactory progress, and expecting soon to see the "all's well" signal hauled up.

Mr. R. B. Hogue, who died at 90 years, was Randwick's oldest regular in recent times. He had been president of N.S.W. Trotters, Owners and Trainers' Association, and had raced horses in Sydney and Newcastle . . . . Death of Mr. Don Bourke removed one of Sydney's best-known figures and most likeable fellows . . . . Passing of Lieut.-Colonel Blair Wark, V.C., D.S.O., was tragically sudden. The gallant heart that never failed him in battle gave out under the pressure of time . . . . Mr. Albert J. P. Dalton was very well known in business circles and greatly esteemed . . . . To the families of our

departed members the club's sincere condolences are extended.

\* \* \*

Very proud of young Alex McLeod, star back of Sydney University Rugby Union team, is his grandfather, Mr. Alex Watt, of Cassilis. Why shouldn't he be? The lad was described recently by a well-informed newspaper critic as "a match winner." When at Knox College he was champion swimmer and runner, a rare combination athletically. One in this club who knows young Alex described him as "a crackerjack athlete."

So grandfather has good cause for his pride in a lad who also is shaping up well scholastically.

\* \* \*

It is tomfoolery to suggest that Mr. Gordon Booth, master printer, would prefer to overlook a misprint rather than forgive a mishit. For all that he takes his golf keenly at the Lakes and other courses.

\* \* \*

Somebody in club has reminded me that in my recent survey of southpaws I might have included George Seale, reputedly a top-notch boxer-fighter, whose gymnasium in Castlereagh Street was attended by many members of this club in other years.

(Continued on Page 8.)

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## Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 7.)

I was not there and I write from hear-say of an old-time fight often boomed as "a great contest"—that between Griffio and Billy Murphy. The story, as related by one who was there—fixed in his memory is that he lost the toss and paid double, for a friend and himself—is that the bout opened after the ring had been mopped. A second in Murphy's corner had clumsily upset a big bucket of water.

The fight itself was a drab affair and nobody protested when Murphy eventually lurched to the ropes and addressed the bored crowd: "Gentlemen, I gives the fight to Mister Griffio."

\* \* \*

Noting that Frank McGrath had been elected president of the N.S.W. Breeders, Owners and Trainers' Association, "Smith's Weekly" wrote:

"Frank should make an excellent chairman, as he knows the finer points of the racing game, and has had a lifelong association with the sport, first as jockey, then as trainer and owner. The Association gets things done. Many important improvements have been the result of suggestions made by the committee, following meetings of members, and Paddy Nolan is a thorough Secretary.

## WAR NAMES AND PLACES

Some of us in the club room were surveying the stage of our times in retrospect with the set-up of history, even to the villains of the piece. The directing hand behind life, we found, had a habit of ringing down the curtain on an old scene and raising it on another proclaimed to be entirely new.

Gengis Khan reincarnated as Hitler. Ivan the Terrible returned in the jackboots of Goering. Mad King Otho as Mussolini. Cato's "Delenda est Carthago" revived in Ribbentrop's "England in ruins." The beheading of Louis XVI, and the rise of Petain. The never-ending war to end war. The ideal that Christ died for on Calvary, and the cause for which a Digger fell in Libya. The ancient English who waded waist-deep into the waters to repel invading Roman galleys, and the fishermen aboard the smacks today, blazing like hell at Nazi bombers. Napoleon's banners at Boulogne, and Hitler's fluttering swastikas at Dunkirk. St. Helena, and . . . . ?

We turned for enlightenment to Solomon:

*The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.*

\* \* \*

In the nine centuries which have passed since the Norman Conquest. London has known four major catastrophes. A fire destroyed St. Paul's Cathedral in the year of William Rufus's accession to the English throne. In 1665 the Great Plague left 70,000 dead to be buried

in pits and covered with quicklime. The Great Fire of 1666 took all but one-fifth of the walled medieval city. On September 7, 1940, fifteen hundred Nazi aeroplanes of all types and sizes dropped bombs by the ton on the city . . . but London lives.

\* \* \*

In terms of time you would have to go back to Walter Bethel to be informed of how long ago it was since the Russian invasion scare hit Australia, and all the old preposterous cannon, some dating back to Sebastopol, and all the old trusty (and rusty) swords, and pistols, Peninsula period, were wheeled out and unsheathed by the mutton-chopped warriors of the era. Egad, sir, they'd have struck a warm patch had they come our way that time!

Then the Russo-Japanese war in which the Rajah of Bhong threatened to mount a charger, and in which the Japs won all the battles, to the accompaniment of our cheers, and lost the peace, also to the accompaniment of our cheers—unless I fail to remember my history.

But the position had been clarified by World War I when Russia, as our ally, revealed the science of a strategic retirement from a special formula evolved by the Grand Duke Nicholas. Showing how time plays tricks, there was on our side, after World War I, what journals of rectitude, like "The Times," call "a body of public opinion" that wanted to stoush the Russians. That passed—and so on to the latest alliance which, apparently, was one of those stable secrets of High Diplomacy sprung on a simple people.

(Continued on page 11.)



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# Birth of "Rule Britannia"

(By Edward Samuel)



It was August 1, 1740, the third birthday of Princess Augusta, the anniversary of the accession of the House of Hanover to the throne of England. But out of the festivities attending that dual commemoration emerged something that even now, 200 years later, is an inspiration to Britishers. Here is the story.

It is highly improbable that those who joined in the festivities which the Hanoverian Prince of Wales arranged for his guests at Cliveden House on August 1, 1740, were oppressed by a sense of history in the making.

True, Britain was at war. But Spain and its colonial dependencies in the West Indies were far enough away in all conscience. Had not Vice-Admiral Vernon's six ships proved more than a match for the enemy's might at Porto Bello? That'd teach 'em that the ears of British sailormen should not be torn off with impunity.

The Prince's guests could therefore afford to abandon themselves light-heartedly to pleasurable indulgence.

Nay, but 'twould be downright unpatriotic to do otherwise; for did not these festivities serve the dual purpose of commemorating the accession of the House of Hanover to the throne of England, and of celebrating the birthday of the three-year-old Princess Augusta?

Right royally, then, did the celebration proceed. From Drury Lane came John Rich, the popular theatre manager, with his players and masqueraders, to amuse the bewigged and silk-clad gentry with the skeleton scene in "Merlin's Cave," and with the dwarf scene from "Orpheus and Eurydice." With him, newly-arrived from Paris, came La Barbarina to bring joy to the hearts of blades and bloods with her daring display of high kicking virtuosity.

From the welter of froth and fribble emerged one or two things that were designed to appeal to the serious-minded among the Prince's friends. Aspiring to higher things even than the kicks of Barbarina, Prince Frederick had felt it incumbent upon him to invoke the arts of literature and of music in the cause of birthday and accession honours. On the stage of the garden theatre which had been set up in the grounds of Cliveden, Rich's players embarked on their performance of the masques that were then so fashionable.

The first of the masques performed at Cliveden that day had been built up round Congreve's "Judgment of Paris." The second was a piece "taken from the various fortunes of Alfred the Great" by the poetic Mr. Thomson. Diverse though they were in subject matter and in treatment, both these masques had one thing in common—they had been set to music by Thomas Arne.

Engaged as a director of the theatre orchestra at Drury Lane, Arne had already made his mark as the composer of the music to Dalton's adaptation of the Miltonic "Comus." Since Rich was functioning as master of that day's princely ceremonies, it was but natural that the musical arrangements should have been entrusted to Arne.

The airs with which Arne embellished the verse of Congreve and of Thomson delighted his hearers. In sooth, had it not been for these airs, the aridities of "Alfred" would have palled long before they did. Just when yawns were beginning to be rife even among the serious-minded, the stage-Alfred found himself confronted by a venerable bard and exhorted:

" . . . ere you go, in our lov'd  
country's praise,  
That noblest theme, hear what his  
rapture breathes."

From the musicians came a paean of trumpets, drums, violins, oboes, bassoons and basses as the orchestra spoke a symphonic prelude. Then the celebrated Mr. Lowe, in his characterisation of the bard, declaiming:

*When Britain first at heaven's  
command*

*Arose from out the azure main;  
This was the charter of the land,*

*And guardian angels sing this  
strain:*

*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
Britons never will be slaves.*

Thus was born the ode in honour of Great Britain, known as "Rule Britannia."

The bold and flowing character of the music, and the sentiment embodied in the words, did more than rouse the Prince's guests from the lethargic boredom into which they had lapsed. "Rule Britannia" had provided us with what Southey described as the political hymn of this country as long as she maintains her political power.

Dr. Arne, to give him the title that he ultimately attained, went on to increase his musical stature by his operatic treatment, among other things, of Metastasio's "Artaxerxes," and by his settings of Shakespearian lyrics like "Where the Bee Sucks," and "Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind." But the strains of "Rule Britannia" persisted long after "Artaxerxes" had languished into the limbo of the great unplayed.

Handel toyed with it in his "Occasional Oratorio." Beethoven made a not-too-successful attempt to saddle it with variations. And Wagner took it as the leit-motif for one of his earlier overtures. But in spite of the vicissitudes that it underwent, it remains for the average Briton the musical embodiment of the freedom of the seas.



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## WAR NAMES AND PLACES

(Continued from Page 8.)

Salonika, headlined in war news, is the place to which St. Paul addressed his two Epistles to the Thessalonians. The place is much older than that, for it was named after the sister of Alexander the Great, the guy whose sigh (because of no fresh worlds to conquer) is heard in history.

In the previous war—before that, back in school days—we used to say “Salonicka” (with soft a’s) and it sounded good. Then Ashmead

Dennis gave the epic in glowing vernacular verse, as “Ginger Mick” had lived it at Sari Bair:

*Ob, Sari Bair, Ob, Sari Bair,  
You seen 'ow it was done:  
The transports dancin' in the bay  
Beneath the bonzer sun;  
And scattered o'er your speckled  
shore  
The little 'uddled 'eaps  
That showed at last the southern  
breed  
Could play the game for keeps!*

plumber in Melbourne, and all I did was to translate him into verse,” Dennis said.

Pity poor radio announcers in a war like this! Now that the Russians have hopped in, such places appear in the communiques as: Lappeenrata, Lwow, Joensuu, Szmiand, and such Generals as Timoshenko and Antonescu—which are some of the easy ones.

Then, of course, there is the prize exhibit of the previous war: Przemyśl. It is a town 50 miles southwest of Lemberg, and is in for



(By courtesy Dept. of Information.)

### AT HOME UNDER ANY CONDITIONS.

*British Bren gun carriers making their way along a snow-covered frozen road in Scotland, and proving that they are just as at home under wintry conditions as they have been in the Western Desert.*

Bartlett, hot from the spot, told us at luncheon in Sydney: “Sal-on-eeka,” and it sounded sweeter.

He was the war correspondent who gave the world the first story of the Landing at Gallipoli—a masterful piece of prose-writing. Later, C. J. (Sentimental Bloke)

C. J. Dennis was a quiet, reserved, almost shy fellow; an aquiline type, spare, even a little frail, with humor gushing from his eyes. He told me that the Sentimental Bloke, Ginger Mick, Doreen, and all his characters had been drawn from real life. “The Sentimental Bloke was a young

another mauling. I heard a B.B.C. announcer pronounce it the other evening: “Pr’shem-e-sel.” But your guess is as good as any, failing acceptance of the B.B.C.’s heroic effort.

THE CLUB MAN



# RURAL MEMBERS



*Mr. B. R. Campbell of "Goorianawa."*

"Goorianawa" station, Gular, is the home address of Mr. B. R. (Bruce) Campbell. You will have no difficulty in finding the place if you are round that way because Bruce is squire over a lump of land of large dimensions. It is one of the biggest and best properties in the Coonamble district and the stock thereon reflect credit on the owner. King's School at Parramatta can lay claim to setting Bruce on the right track in life and his exploits in all field games will long be remembered by class mates in his years.

Bruce possesses one of those happy dispositions that make him popular on all sides. He likes the

Turf and has owned some classy performers who have carried his colours to victory. (A Wagga Cup adorns the sideboard along with other major trophies). A love for prads is inborn — Bruce is a son of J. Campbell one time partner of T. A. Stirton, and a combination famed for its efficiency and judgment. Our member is keeping up the high tradition set by his forbears.

*Mr. Gavin Cobcroft, of Parraweena.*

Mr. G. W. ("Gavin") Cobcroft of Parraweena, Willow Tree, is well known as a grazier and sportsman and is now doing his country proud as a member of the R.A.A.F.

An old Riverview scholar, Gavin went abroad to complete his educa-

tion and he knows the playing fields of England almost as well as those in this country.

Spare time has been taken with local charitable work and helping Tamworth Turf Club along, and, meetings of Picnic Vintage.

On the serious side of racing he joined forces with brother Arthur and enjoyed many successes with victories at Randwick thrown in for good measure. In his younger days Gavin delighted with skill on the cricket field while winter months found him delving in at football and giving as good as he had to take. In every way a lovable character and his host of friends will wish him safe trip on this, his most hazardous venture.



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# Billiards and Snooker

Billiard players take heart! The extensive alterations, at present being carried out on the second floor, are proceeding on the even tenor of their way and it will not be long ere members will be able, once again, to enjoy themselves at billiards and snooker, etc.

An oversea item of news is that Mr. W. T. Rainbow, managing director of the world famous billiard firm of Burroughs and Watts Ltd., has been added to the list of Royal Warrant Holders.

His Majesty King George is as keen on a game of billiards as was his father and his grandfather, King Edward VII. Hence the appointment. Incidentally, King Edward was an interested spectator at the

made five shot." Those words are not exact but are near enough as readers will observe next issue.

## *A Queer Gamble.*

The Billiards and Control Council has released this bit of news culled from "The Times" (Eng.), of 1841:

"A few days since' says the *Journal de la Meuse*, 'an inhabitant at Void, playing at billiards, staked the hand of his only daughter, a handsome girl of 18 against his adversary. The imprudent father lost, and the winner has insisted since on the debt being paid, claiming the young lady, fortune and all . . . The daughter, however, objects to the validity of the bargain, and gaming debts cannot be enforced by law.'

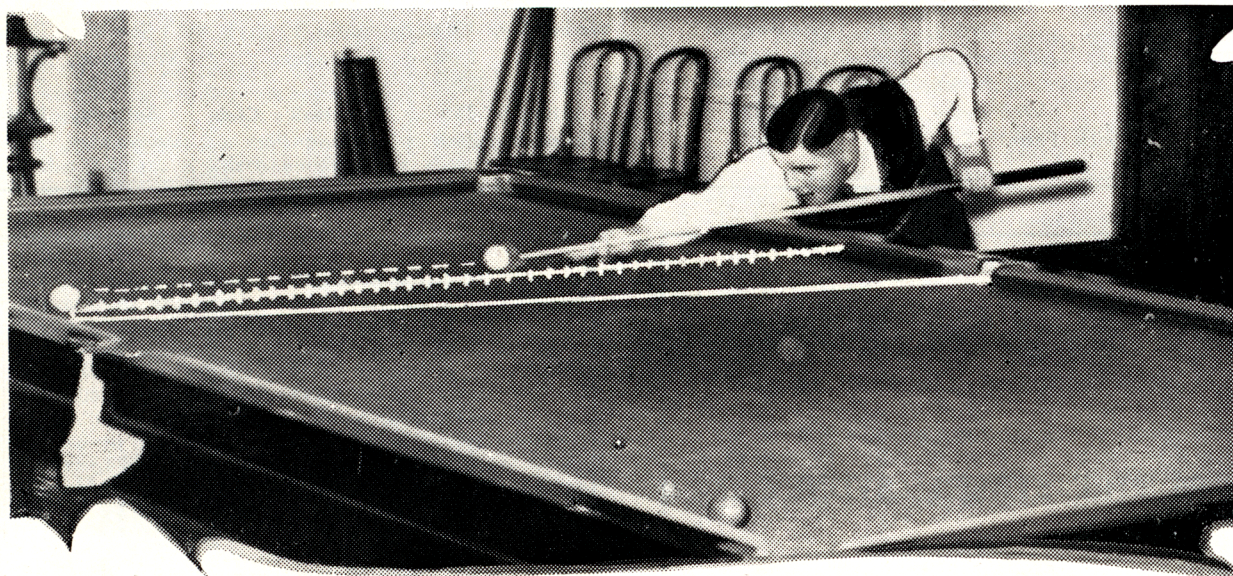
dice were rolled. Even that was not sufficient for this man who liked his wager. He went the whole hog and included his brothers and royal consort, Queen Drapaudi. Results were the same. We hope that there will not be any of that brand of wagering when members again congregate to manipulate two whites and a red ball.

## *George Gray Memories.*

Reference to three balls reminds of Australian George Gray's exploits in England in 1910-11.

Gray was the red ball expert and was first to show the true value of short losing hazards, the system which reigned supreme until the Walter Lindrum era when top-of-the-table play was proven so much superior.

So sensational was the Australian's "all red route" that London "Punch" broke into jingle:



*Reproduction of actual photo shows difference of angle-throw according to cue power. When "doubling" the softer the pace the wider the angle. Reason is that a ball played too hard jams into cushion and forms side-ears which prevent natural getaway.*

first professional billiards championship played in 1870 between John Roberts Snr. and William Cook. From memory, that game was 1,000 up and took from 8 p.m. until 2 a.m. next morning to finish. Writer possesses a wood cut of that audience together with press report at the time. Next issue I will reproduce same and give members a thrill. They will think they are all champions when they read "Roberts was in excellent form and made a seven break at his next visit to the table but Cook countered with a cleverly

"Good for the girl."

That little wager takes one's mind back to the flutter in 400 B.C. between two royal tribes of India, the Pandavas and the Kauravas. This was not a billiards scrap. Both the royal personages named claimed the same big slice of country and decided to settle the issue with dice. Pandava lost but decided to do things in a big way. He threw again for his castles, elephants, jewels, slaves, palaces, cattle and plate, etc., and once again Dame Fortune threw a stony glance his way when the

*"Little boy Gray, chalk up your cue,  
I've finished my break and they're  
asking for you.*

*The red's in the middle, your ball in  
the D,  
So in-off and in-off, and never mind  
me."*

Gray's method is still the backbone of the game and that most favoured by amateurs. Members might remember the little verse and heed the advice. Many victories will follow if successful.



# RACING FIXTURES

## JUNE—DECEMBER, 1941

### JULY

Ascot ..... Wednesday, 2nd  
 Victoria Park ..... Saturday, 5th  
 Kensington ..... Wednesday, 9th  
 Moorefield ..... Saturday, 12th  
 Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 16th  
 Canterbury Park ..... Saturday, 19th  
 Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 23rd  
 Ascot ..... Saturday, 26th  
 Ascot ..... Wednesday, 30th

### AUGUST

Moorefield ..... Saturday, 2nd  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Mon., 4th  
 Kensington ..... Wednesday, 6th  
 Rosehill ..... Saturday, 9th  
 Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 13th  
 Rosebery ..... Saturday, 16th  
 Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 20th  
 Moorefield ..... Saturday, 23rd  
 Ascot ..... Wednesday, 27th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 30th

### SEPTEMBER

Kensington ..... Wednesday, 3rd  
 Canterbury Park ..... Saturday, 6th  
 Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 10th  
**Tattersall's Club ..... Saturday, 13th**  
 Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 17th  
 Rosehill ..... Saturday, 20th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 24th  
 Red Cross Race Meeting,  
 Randwick ..... Saturday, 27th

### OCTOBER

Ascot ..... Wednesday, 1st  
 A.J.C. ..... Saturday, 4th  
 A.J.C. ..... Monday, 6th  
 A.J.C. ..... Wednesday, 8th  
 A.J.C. ..... Saturday, 11th  
 Kensington ..... Wednesday, 15th  
 Hawkesbury ..... Saturday, 18th  
 Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 22nd  
 Rosehill ..... Saturday, 25th  
 Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 29th

### NOVEMBER

Canterbury Park ..... Saturday, 1st  
 Ascot ..... Wednesday, 5th  
 Moorefield ..... Saturday, 8th  
 Kensington ..... Wednesday, 12th  
 Rosehill ..... Saturday, 15th  
 Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 19th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 22nd  
 Hawkesbury ..... Wednesday, 26th  
 Canterbury Park ..... Saturday, 29th

### DECEMBER

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 3rd  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 6th  
 Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 10th  
 Rosehill ..... Saturday, 13th  
 Ascot ..... Wednesday, 17th  
 A.J.C. ..... Saturday, 20th  
 Kensington ..... Wednesday, 24th  
 A.J.C. ..... Friday, 26th  
**Tattersall's Club ..... Saturday, 27th**  
 Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 31st

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## MUDGEE

### *On the Cudgegong*

Mudgee, situated on the river Cudgegong, is surrounded by wooded hills and bordered by fertile river flats.

Its temperate but bracing climate is due to the fact that Mudgee is fifteen hundred feet above sea level; in winter, snow falls on the surrounding hills and on rare occasions, in the town itself. The average annual temperature is 74 degrees and the rainfall over 25 inches.

"Moothi," or Mudgee, meaning "A Nest," was so named by aboriginals, who in the early days of the colony used the site as a camping ground.

There is some controversy regarding the discovery of Mudgee, but the general opinion is that Lieut. William Lawson traversed the district in 1821.

When Lieut. Lawson returned to Bathurst, he sent word to his friend, Mr. George Cox, and strongly advised him to take up some of the land in the newly discovered territory. After examining the land around Mudgee, Mr. George Cox sent for his brother, Henry Cox, then managing the family estate at Mulgoa.

Lieut. Lawson was given first choice of the country and chose the land on the East side of the river, leaving the land on the West side to the Cox's. Messrs. George and Henry Cox and Lieut. Lawson were the original settlers of the Mudgee district.

The village of Mudgee was gazetted in 1838, and at that time travellers journeyed over a most tortuous road from Bathurst.

The rush following the discovery of gold by Hargraves near Orange seriously depleted the population of Mudgee. Some of those who stayed behind were convinced that gold would be found nearer home, and they prospected at Merroo Creek at a point 16 miles from Mudgee. Gold was found in small, payable quantities; later a native shepherd at Louisa Creek (now Hargraves) found a nugget which weighed 106 ounces.

From 1851 to 1919 no less than £4,750,000 worth of gold was won from the district.

Mudgee was proclaimed a Municipality on February 21st, 1860, and on 2nd May, 1860, R. R. K. Hughson was elected first Mayor.

Henry Lawson, the poet, in his younger days lived at Mudgee, with his mother, who kept a school at one of the numerous mining camps which studded the district. His old home still stands at Eununderree.

The Mudgee Brewery was established in the 60's, the premises first used being situated near Burrundulla, in the first flour mill building.

Life in Mudgee at the time of the opening of the railway in 1884 was a mixture of gaiety and somnolence. As described by a contemporary "at the local stud ram sales, termed fairs, and at the races, Mudgee seemed suddenly to start into life. The streets are crowded, hotels are full, stylish equipages roll down from the hills and colonial lads scamper along dusty roads on steeds that an Arab sheik might envy, but at other times all is very, very dull—morning, noon and night the town seems half asleep, and it is

a matter of marvel where the people come from who on Sundays fill the really handsome and commodious Churches."

The "Mudgee Guardian" newspaper was established in 1889, and in the same year the Mudgee Dairy Company Limited commenced operations, there being ninety-two suppliers.

Many and varied are the mineral deposits around Mudgee. There is lead, silver, galena, iron, talc, gold, tin and arragonite—also limestone, dolomite, pottery clay and marble and slate.

To-day Mudgee is one of the most important towns in the State. It is lighted with electricity, has an ample water supply, and is well sewered.

There are good roads running out in every direction—there are gardens which make bright the comfortable homes, and roses in nearly every garden—in fact, Mudgee has been designated a "Rose Town" . . . there are daffodils, anemones, asters, snapdragons—all the old English flowers, growing in profusion.

And so in this pleasant and prosperous centre, with its picturesque historic background, rich in soil and bright with future hope, we see Mudgee, "The Nest," of tremendous possibilities for great development.



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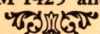
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## SYDNEY

### SEPTEMBER RACE MEETING

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

## SATURDAY, SEPT. 13th, 1941

#### THE HURDLE RACE.

A Handicap of £250; second £50, third £25 from the prize. The winner of any Hurdle Race or Steeple-chase after the declaration of weights to carry 7lb. penalty. Nomination 10/-; acceptance 10/-.

ABOUT ONE MILE AND THREE-QUARTERS.

#### THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Nomination £1, acceptance £2.

ONE MILE.

#### THE TRAMWAY HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1, acceptance £4.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

#### THE THREE AND FOUR-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £350; second £70, third £35 from the prize. For three and four-year-olds at time of starting. Nomination £1; acceptance £2/10/-.

ONE MILE.

#### THE CHELMSFORD STAKES.

(Weight-for-age with penalties and allowances, for horses three-years-old and upwards.)

Of £1,000; second £150, third £100 from the prize. Horses that have won a weight-for-age or special weight race exceeding £400 in value to the winner to carry 7lb. extra. Horses not having, at time of starting, won a handicap exceeding £150 in value to the winner allowed: three years, 7lb.; four years and upwards, 14lb.; maiden three-year-olds, 10lb.; maiden four-year-olds and upwards, 20lb. Winners of weight-for-age or special weight races (except special weight two-year-old races not exceeding £150 in value to the winner) not entitled to any allowance. Owners and Trainers must declare penalties incurred and claim allowances due at date when making entries. Nomination £1; acceptance £9.

ONE MILE AND A FURLONG.

#### THE SPRING HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £4.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

#### THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £350; second £70, third £35 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. 7lb. Nomination £1; acceptance £2/10/-.

ONE MILE.

NOMINATIONS for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle, or Mr. Gordon Lockington, 491 Bourke Street, Melbourne, before 4 p.m. on

#### MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1941

and shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

**PENALTIES.**—In all flat races (The Chelmsford Stakes excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

**WEIGHTS** to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 8th September, 1941.

**ACCEPTANCES** for all races are due before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 11th September, 1941, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time for starting and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, and in the event of the outer course being used, races will be run at "ABOUT" the distances advertised.

157 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

T. T. MANNING,  
Secretary.